THE "A.L." No. 227. (Third Edition.)

BRIGHT STORY READERS.

Grade II.

FAIRY STORIES FROM THE KAFFIRS.

Re-told by FLORENCE A. TAPSELL.

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FAIRY STORIES FROM THE KAFFIRS.

TWINS IN LUCK.

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ONCE upon a time, in the land of the Kaffirs, a brother and sister, who were twin children, lived quite by themselves. While they were yet very young, great trouble had come upon their people, the fever raging through the village, and many dying of it. The children had lost both father and mother; and, ever since that sad time, they had dwelt alone, and provided for themselves as best they could.

2. The few people who escaped the fever, had turned them out of the hut in which they used to live with their parents. But luckily they had found an empty cave, and made it into quite a nice little home. It had two openings, one to let in the air and light, the other to let out the smoke from their fire; and at the entrance to the cave was a strong door, which they could fasten on the inside.

3. Being twin children, the boy had been given the name of Demane,* and the girl was called Demazana.† Every day Demane went out hunting. Now and again he would kill a buffalo, and

* Pronounce *dā-mâ'-nā—ā* as in "mate"; *â* as in "father."

† " *dā-mâ-zâ'-nâ—ā* and *â* as above.

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carry home as much of the meat as he could, or sometimes he would bring down a fine young eland. But only too often his toil was in vain, or nearly so, for he was but a lad, and had no great skill in the chase.

4. Demane loved his sister dearly. Every day, before he started, he would say to her, "Don't go far from home, sister, and be sure not to roast any meat while I am away, lest that hungry giant, Zim, should smell it, and come and carry you off."

5. "Very well, brother, I will remember," the girl would reply; and then she would busy herself with the cooking, and other household tasks until her brother returned in the evening.

6. One day the boy had good luck with his hunting; and when he came home at sunset, he was laden with buffalo meat. This was a great treat; and, as you can well believe, the twins had a grand feast that night.

7. The next morning, when Demane again went out to hunt, he said, as usual, "Don't go far from home, sister, and don't roast any of the buffalo meat while I am away."

8. But the girl was sorely tempted by the large stock of fresh meat which she now had in the cave. "It's *such* a long time to wait until Demane comes home," she said to herself. "I should so much like to eat *just one* little piece. If I only roast a tiny bit, surely old Zim will not

be able to smell it. Most likely he is miles and miles away."

9. Then she thought better of it, and for some while she tried hard to put the idea of roast meat out of her mind. But it *would* keep coming back; and at last the desire grew so strong that she cut off a little piece, and put it in the hot ashes to roast.

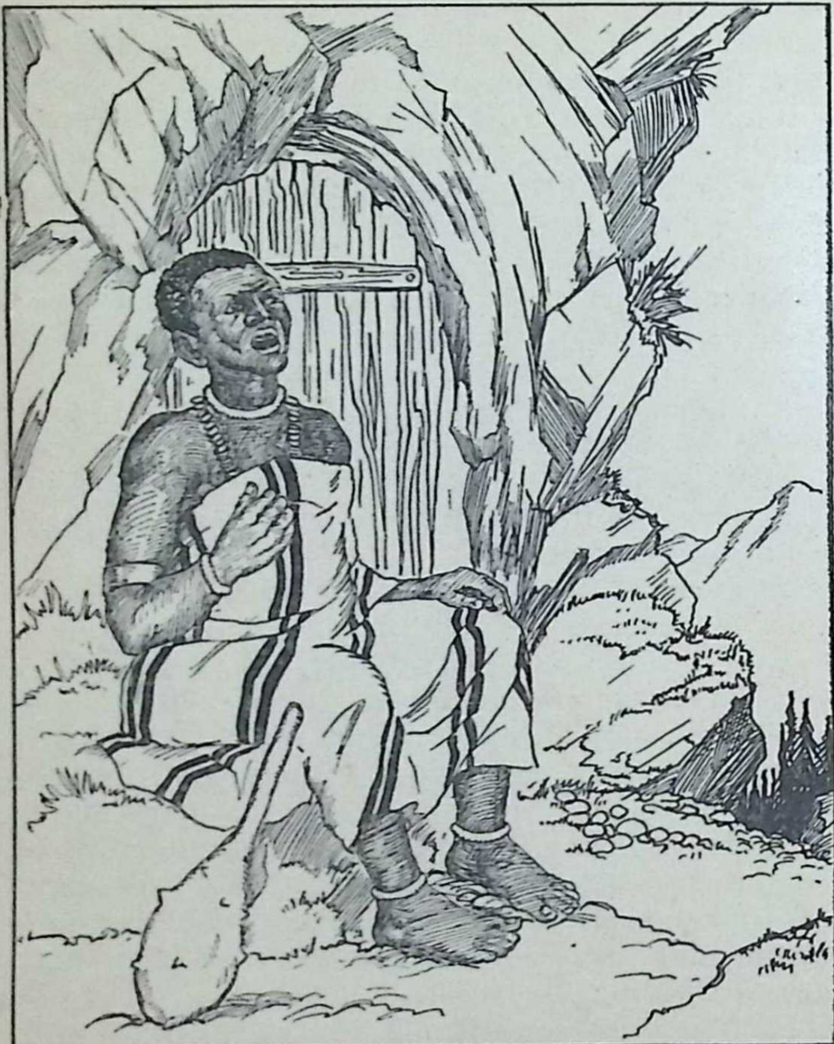
10. Now, no sooner did the savoury scent rise into the air than the hungry giant, who was, in fact, not so very far off just then, turned up his nose and began to sniff.

11. "Ha! A pleasant savour," he cried. "Old Zim must go and enquire into this;" and he hurried along in the direction from which the smell came.

12. On reaching the cave, he found the door shut fast. Now, Zim knew all about the twins, and he was aware that the girl always stayed in the cave, while her brother was out hunting, and that she would not open the door until his return. But the wily old fellow was not going to be balked by that. The roast meat smelt good, and he meant to have some of it.

13. So he sat down beside the door and began to sing a song which he had often heard Demane singing on his way home, at the end of a day's hunting. Then he knocked on the door, and called out, "Let me in, sister."

14. But the girl knew well enough that it was



'He sat down beside the door and began to sing.'—*Page 3.*

not her brother, and she answered, "It is my brother's song, but not my brother's voice; so go away from here, whoever you may be."

15. The hungry giant walked off with a great clatter; but in a little while he crept ever so softly back, and sang the same song, though in quite another kind of voice.

16. But Demazana could easily tell that this was not her brother's voice either; so she cried, "Go away. You are not my brother. His voice is sweet; yours is hoarse and harsh."

17. So the hungry giant had to go away again; but he had not yet given up the hope of getting some of the meat, and he went to ask the advice of a very old friend of his, who was supposed to know all things.

18. "How can I make my voice so like a boy's that his sister will open the door to me?" he asked.

"There is only one way," replied his friend. "You must burn your throat with a hot iron. Then, and then only, you will be able to sing as he does."

19. Now, Zim so longed for the roast meat, that he took the advice of his friend, and put a hot iron down his throat. The pain was very severe, but this only made him all the more eager to obtain his wish.

20. Then he went back to the cave, singing as he walked; and, strange to say, this time his

voice *was* so much like her brother's that Demazana opened the door to him.

21. When the poor girl saw who it really was, she screamed, and ran to the farthest corner of the cave; but the giant soon caught her, tucked her under his arm, and set out for home.

22. Though she was almost dead with fright, Demazana still kept her wits about her. She had managed to pick up some ashes; and as the giant strode away, she dropped them here and there along the path.

23. Soon after this, Demane, who had had bad luck that day, and taken nothing but a swarm of bees, came home. When he saw the door of the cave standing open, he stopped short.

24. "Careless girl!" he thought. "She has gone out and left the door open. Any thief might have entered." Then he called out, "Demazana, where are you?"

25. There was, of course, no reply. He ran into the cave, and peered into every corner, without finding any sign of his sister; then he guessed what had happened.

26. Searching around outside the cave, he came across a tiny trail of ashes, and said to himself, "I'm sure they were not there, when I passed by this morning. Demazana has dropped them to show me which way she went."

27. So off he set along the trail. Sometimes it was hard to follow; and he had to search for

a long while before he could pick it up again. But at length he came to the hut in which the giant dwelt.

28. The giant's wife and his two children had gone out to gather firewood; but the giant himself was at home. He had just put Demazana into a big bag, so as to keep her safe until the fire was ready for cooking purposes.

29. Demane went up to the open door of the hut, and said, "Father, I am thirsty. Will you give me some water to drink?"

"I have no water here, my son," answered the giant; "but if you will promise not to touch this bag while I am gone, I will go and fetch you some."

30. Demane promised he would not touch the bag, and Zim went off to fetch the water. He had some way to go; and while he was gone, Demane cut open the bag, found his sister, and helped her out.

31. Now, the boy had brought the bees with him; and, having got his sister out of the bag, he put the bees into it, and then tied it up again, after which they both ran and hid themselves behind the hut.

32. They were only just in time; for no sooner were they hidden than back came Zim with the water. Almost at the same moment his wife, his son, and his daughter came in, each with a big load of wood.

33. The giant called to his daughter, and said, "Do you see that bag? There is something very nice in it. Go and bring it to me."

The girl gaily went for the bag, and took hold of it, to carry it to her father; but she soon dropped it again, for the bees stung her hand. "Oh, father," she cried, "something in the bag is biting me."

34. "Silly girl, what nonsense!" said the giant, and then he turned to his son. "Do you go and fetch it for me, as your sister is afraid."

35. The boy did as his father told him; but no sooner had *he* laid his hands on the bag than the bees stung him as well, and he cried out, just as his sister had done.

36. The giant then turned to his wife. "What is the matter with the children that they are making such a fuss about nothing?" he said. "Do you go and fetch me the bag, and I will show you what I have brought back for your supper."

37. The woman went to the corner of the hut, and picked up the bag; but she very soon gave a loud scream, and dropped it upon the ground, for the bees were stinging with all their might. "Fetch the bag for yourself, if you want it," she cried.

38. This made the giant very angry indeed. "How dare you disobey me thus? Get out of my sight," he cried, and drove all three of them, wife, and son, and daughter, out of the hut.

39. As soon as he was alone, he went to pick up the bag himself. If they were all so silly, he thought, he would have the supper all to himself; so perhaps it had happened for the best.

40. He took up a knife, cut open the mouth of the bag, and bent down to peer into it. At that moment the bees all swarmed out and stung his face, his head, and his eyes, so that he could not see, and was almost mad with the pain.

41. He ran to and fro, howling with pain, and at last he ran out of the hut into the open. But the bees still swarmed around him, and stung him again and again.

42. Away he ran, hoping that he might be able to escape them. As he could not see where he was going, he fell headforemost into a pond which was near his hut; here he stuck, and was turned into a block of wood shaped like a tree-stump.

43. Demane and Demazana, who had been watching all this from their hiding-place, saw that, as the giant changed into wood, the bees settled down on the stump, as if they were making it their home.

44. The twins now went into old Zim's hut to find what he had left worth taking; and they fairly jumped for joy at what they saw.

45. There were great heaps of skins, enough to provide them with coverings for many a winter to come. They even found hoards of gold, and

also piles of shining stones and crystals, so bright and beautiful that the girl cried out with delight as she took up handfuls of them, and let them stream through her fingers.

46. Thus it was brought to pass that the two poor orphans became the richest people for miles around, and lived in plenty ever afterwards.

THE SIMPLE LION & THE WILY JACKAL.

"FATHER, we are *so* hungry," cried three young jackals.

"Yes, it's quite time you *did* bring us some food," said Mrs. Jackal.

2. So Mr. Jackal set off to the forest to hunt for food. Before he had gone far, he met a lion with whom he had often stopped to have a chat.

3. "Hallo, Mr. Jackal! Where are you off to in such a hurry?" asked the lion.

"The youngsters are crying for food, so I am going a-hunting," answered the jackal.

4. "Like me, then. I'm in search of something tasty to take home to my wife and children; so let us go and hunt together," said the lion. And they set off, side by side, to look for antelope meat.

5. "How shall we divide the spoil?" asked the jackal.

"If the first antelope we kill is a *little* one, it

shall be yours," replied the lion. "But if it should prove to be a *large* one, it shall be mine. My family is larger than yours, and needs more food; so that is only fair."

6. The jackal agreed to this, and the hunt began.

Now, the first antelope they had the luck to kill was of a rare size, and plump as well.

7. "That is mine," growled the lion, glaring at it with greedy eyes. "Will you go to my house, and call my children to carry the meat home? Meanwhile, I will take care that you don't go hungry; I'll hunt for a small antelope, enough for the needs of your family."

8. "Very well," replied the jackal. "But be sure you catch an antelope for me by the time I return; for the sight of so much meat makes my mouth water."

9. With these words he set off as the lion bade him; but, mind you, there was a cunning twinkle in his eyes, whilst he hastened away.

10. The lion went off to hunt; but Mr. Jackal, instead of going to the lion's house as he had been told, ran straight to his own home, which was on the top of a very high rock. Indeed, the top was so high up that the only way of reaching it was to climb up by one of the long, thin boughs of the creeper which hung over the side.

11. Hand over hand, as the saying is, the jackal ran nimbly up. "Children," he cried,

"come with me; I have a lot of meat for you—so much that I cannot carry it home by myself, and you must come and help me."

12. With what cries of joy did the hungry young jackals hear their father say this! They sprang down the side of the rock after him; and away, and away, with the speed of the wind, they all ran to where the antelope lay.

13. Father Jackal tore it into pieces, and gave each of his children a portion. "Do not eat it here, but hurry home with it," he cried; for he was afraid lest, at any moment, the lion should come upon the scene.

14. Helter-skelter the young jackals rushed home with their portions to the house on the rock; and then there was such a feasting as had not been known for a very long time among the jackal family.

15. Meanwhile the lion hunted high and low for another antelope, but could not find one; for all the antelopes had now fled far away. At last he gave up in despair and went home.

16. "Well, wife, have the children brought home the antelope meat yet?" he asked.

"No," replied his wife, "we have seen no meat. The children are still crying with hunger."

17. "What!" roared the lion, in a passion of anger. "Then that wicked jackal must have taken all the meat for himself. Ha! I will be even with him yet." Having thus spoken his

mind, off he ran to the rock where the jackal lived.

18. But, when he got there, he found he could not climb up, for the frail branches of the creeper would not bear his weight; and, each time he tried to reach the top, he only fell to the ground with a bump.

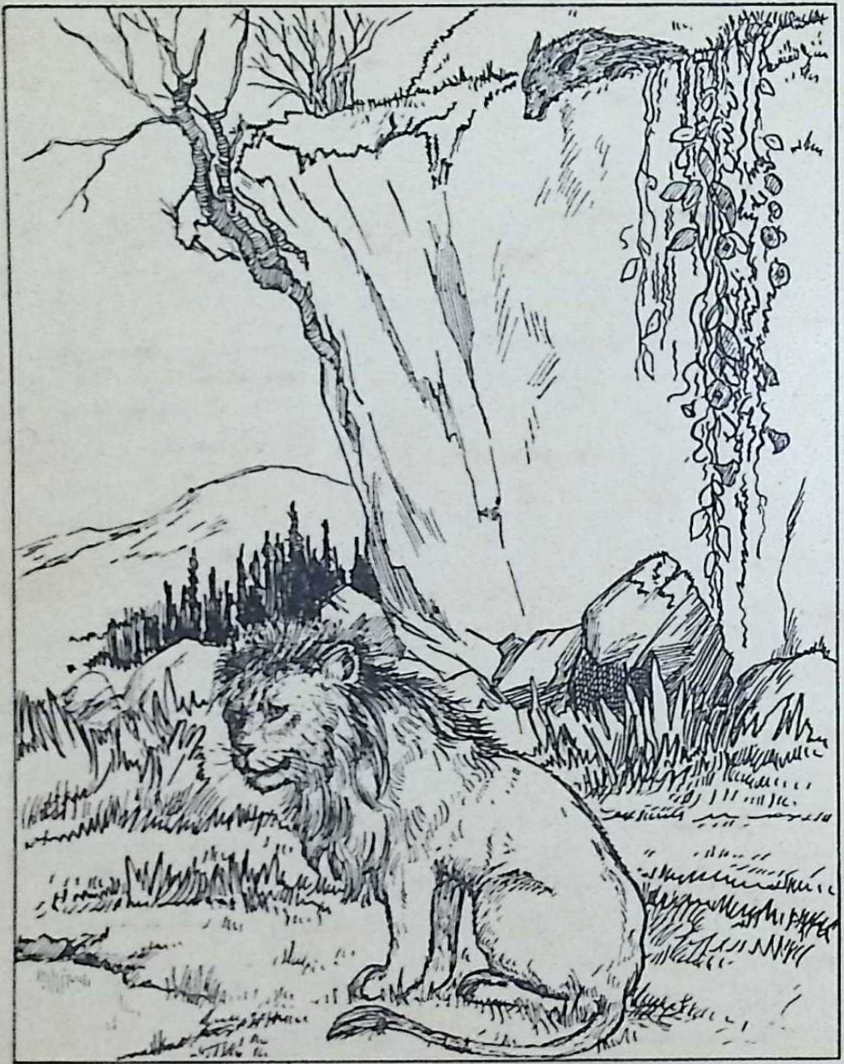
19. "Never mind," growled the lion to himself. "I'll have him yet!" And, setting his teeth, he went and sat down by the side of the pond where the jackals used to come and drink.

20. Now, Mr. Jackal, peering over the side of the rock, saw him sitting there. "Ha, so there you are!" said he softly to himself. "I thought it would not be long before we should see you. I see what your game is. Well, I can wait as well as you."

21. But little Mr. Jackal was very thirsty, owing to his big meal; and, after a while, he wanted a drink so badly that he felt ready to risk anything for one.

22. Even then he waited a little longer; but at length, thinking the lion must now surely have gone to sleep, for he was so very still, he dropped gently down over the side of the rock, and ran softly to the water.

23. But even if the lion *was* asleep, he must have slept with one eye open; for, as soon as the jackal had stopped to drink, he sprang up and was after him.



'Mr. Jackal, peering over the side of the rock, saw him sitting there.'—*Page* 13.

24. The jackal heard him coming, and away he raced—away and away until, his breath being gone, he crept into a hole under a tree. The lion, who was now only a few yards behind, was just in time to catch him by the tail.

25. But the jackal, always quick of wit, called out with a loud laugh, "Ha! Ha! I suppose you think you have got me by the tail; but, as a matter of fact, it's only a root of the tree that you are holding so fast."

26. "Ha! very smart," replied the lion. "Yes, you *may* try fooling me, but you won't find it as easy as you think. This is your tail, right enough." And, so saying, the lion gave the jackal's tail a sharp twitch that nearly made him yelp with the pain.

27. But, instead of crying out, he only laughed again, and said, "If you don't believe me, take a stone and hit it hard. If it is really my tail you are hitting, of course it will bleed; and so you can make quite sure."

28. "A very good idea! I hope you will like your tail being hit," replied the lion; and the simple creature let go of the tail, while he turned to pick up a stone.

29. Of course, the moment his tail was free, the jackal crept deeper into the hole, until even his tail was well out of the lion's reach; so that, when the lion had found his stone, there was no tail to hit with it.

30. Mr. Lion was very angry at the turn things had taken, and all the more so, when he heard the jackal laughing in his snug retreat.

"You young rascal! But I'll have you yet," he growled again, and lay down beside the tree to wait.

31. Now, you must know that a lion has more patience than a jackal; so that, long before the lion was ready to give up and go away, the jackal was tired of waiting.

32. All was so still that by and by he thought the lion must have gone; so he crept to the entrance of the hole and peeped out. He could not see the lion, for he was hidden away behind a bush; but, to find out if he were anywhere about, the jackal called, "Hallo, Mr. Lion, I see you! You cannot hide from me."

33. But the lion, who had now grown more wary, lay quite still and made no reply. So, thinking that he must have gone home and the coast was clear, out popped the little jackal, and was off and away in a moment.

34. But the lion had seen him, and was soon on his track. The race between them was hard and long; but, little by little, the lion gained ground, and at last was close upon his prey.

35. Seeing it was useless to go on running, the jackal waited for the lion to come up, and then greeted him as if they were still the best of friends.

36. The lion, taken by surprise, stopped and stared at the saucy little jackal. Then the jackal pointed to a big rock just ahead.

37. "Do you see that fine buck on the other side of the rock?" he asked. "Why shouldn't we catch him? You stay here, and I will run round the rock and drive him to you."

38. The flesh of a buck is very good to eat; so, hearing what the jackal said, the lion smacked his lips and waited, ready to spring as soon as the buck should appear. But the buck did not come.

39. At length the truth began to dawn on Mr. Lion's mind. Once more he had been fooled by that rascal of a jackal! With an angry snarl he sprang round to the other side of the rock.

40. Needless to say, neither buck, nor jackal was there. And, as the lion stood shaking his mane and roaring aloud in his anger, he heard the laughing call of a jackal far away in the distance.

41. A very hungry lion went home that night, to tell his hungry family that he was not able to bring them any food. A certain jackal and his family, however, had more than they could eat.

42. But it was many a day before Mr. Jackal dared to venture again anywhere near the haunts of his former friend, Mr. Lion.

HORNS OF PLENTY.

"I'VE heard folks say there are good times somewhere in the world. As soon as I'm big enough, I will go and find them."

2. This is what a certain little Kaffir boy often said to himself, when his stepmother, with whom he lived, boxed his ears, and turned him out of the hut for some trifling fault. Her own children could never do anything wrong; but, as it seemed to this poor boy, *he* could never do anything right.

3. His own mother died when he was a baby; so he had never known what it was to have a mother's care and love. His father had once given him an ox; and this, except for the rags that covered him, was all he had in the world.

4. As he grew older, things became worse instead of better; so, early one morning, before anyone was astir in the village, the lad mounted his ox and rode away.

5. Before him stretched mile after mile of open plain. The sun was shining over the hills in the distance; and everything looked very bright and fresh. As he went gaily along, he wondered what his first adventure would be.

6. The ox plodded steadily on; and when they had travelled some miles, they saw ahead of them

a herd of cattle, led by a huge bull. The ox stopped and began to paw the ground.

7. "Brother ox," said his rider, "what is the matter? Surely you are not frightened at the sight of a bull."

8. Then, though the boy had little expected any answer, the ox replied, "Young master, indeed I am not afraid, for I mean to fight that bull, and to kill it."

9. So, when they came quite near to the bull, our young traveller slipped off the back of the ox, and a fierce fight began between the two animals. At length the ox was the victor, and the bull lay dead upon the ground.

10. Then the ox trotted back to his master, who mounted again, and they went on their way. This Kaffir boy had never been more than a few miles from home before; and many things that he now saw around him, were new and strange and pleasing to him.

11. After a time, however, he grew very hungry; and, as he had brought no food with him, he heaved a great sigh.

"Young master, what is the matter that you sigh so deeply?" asked the ox.

12. "Brother ox," he replied, "I am hungry; so hungry that I almost feel as if I could eat you, though you *are* my only friend."

"Don't do that, for I can tell you a better way of getting food," replied the ox.

13. "Tell me then," said the boy, with great eagerness.

"Strike my right horn, and you will see," was the answer.

14. He thought the ox must be making fun of him; but, just to see what *might* happen, he struck the right horn. Then he nearly tumbled off the back of the ox, so great was his surprise; for out of the horn poured food of various kinds!

15. As you may suppose, the hungry young fellow made a very good meal; yet he could not eat all the food that had come out of the horn. "I will pack up what is left and carry it with me," he thought. "It seems wicked to leave all this good food behind."

16. No sooner had this thought passed through his mind, than the ox said, "Strike my left horn, master."

17. When the lad did so, all the food that remained went back into the left horn; and, as you can well imagine, he enjoyed his travels all the more now that he knew he would never be without plenty to eat.

18. Soon after this, they saw another herd of cattle, led by a bull that was even bigger than the one which had been killed.

19. The ox paused, and, turning his head to his master, he said, "That is another bull I must fight; but this time the bull will be the victor, and I shall die. When I am dead, break off my

horns, and carry them with you; for whenever you are hungry, you will only have to speak to them and they will supply you with food."

20. The battle began. It was a long fight, and a hard one; but in the end the bull had the best of it, and the poor ox lay low, never to rise again. The boy felt grieved for the loss of his good friend; but broke off the horns, as he had been told to do, and went on his journey.

21. By and by he came to a village where the women were cooking weeds; for food was very scarce in that part of the land, and the people had nothing else to eat.

22. The lad went into one of the huts in the village; and when he found that there was little or no food to be had, he spoke to the right horn, and it gave him plenty both for himself and for the owner of the hut. Indeed, they ate so much that after the meal they both fell asleep.

23. Now, the man to whom the hut belonged was the first to awaken. As soon as he sat up, and opened his eyes, he saw the wonderful horns lying beside the boy, who still slept soundly.

24. "I should like to have them for myself," thought the man. "It would be very nice to know that I should always have food, when I felt hungry."

25. He peered close into the boy's face, to see if he were really asleep; then, very softly and slyly, he drew the horns away, and in their place

he put another pair, as nearly like them as he could get.

26. Some time later, our young friend awoke. He had not meant to sleep so long; so he jumped up at once, picked up the horns which lay beside him, and went on his way.

27. He walked on and on until the sun was so hot that he was glad to seek a shady spot in which to rest a while; then, feeling hungry, he took up the right horn, and bade it give him food.

28. To his dismay, nothing happened. He tried again and again, but, of course, in vain; and at last he threw the horn down, crying, "They have lost their magic, and now I shall starve."

29. Then he picked the horns up again; and, looking at them very closely, he saw that these were not his own magic horns, for the marking was not quite the same. Up he sprang, and marched back to the place where he had slept the night before.

30. As he drew near, he heard some one speaking. He crept quietly up; then he saw that it was the owner of the hut, who was speaking to the magic horns, and bidding them give him food. But, as the boy was pleased to notice, nothing came of it.

31. Going up to the man, he said, "Give me my horns." And the man was quite willing to part with them, having found that they were of no use to him.

32. With the precious horns clasped tightly in his arms, our hero trudged onwards for a long, long time, without seeing anyone at all. At length, coming to a house, he went to see who lived there; for he was feeling lonely, and quite ready to stay and chat for a while, if he should be asked to enter.

33. But when the man of the house saw his ragged clothes and the dirty state that he was in with his long travelling, he bade the boy be gone.

34. "He must have taken me for a beggar," thought our wanderer; so, as soon as he came to a river, he washed himself. Then he sat down on the bank and took up the horns.

35. "Horns," he said, "I wish you could give me some fine things to wear. It is not much fun to travel through the land, when people drive you away from their doors as they would drive away a beggar, or a dog."

36. And, wonder upon wonder, from out of the horns there then came a rich mantle, and many handsome ornaments, such as a great chief might wear! Delighted with his good luck, he put them all on; then, after a peep at himself in the clear water of the river, he went on his way, feeling quite proud of his appearance.

37. He walked boldly up to the very next house he came to. "I wonder if they will turn me away from *this* place," he said to himself; but

there was a smile on his face, as he looked down at his smart mantle and ornaments, as if he were not much afraid of such a thing happening now.

38. As it happened, a most beautiful girl dwelt here. The lad saw her, and was struck by her beauty, even as he asked her father if he might come in and rest.

39. The owner of the house looked him up and down, and then, seeming to be satisfied, bade him enter. He said that he might rest as long as he wished; and, in return, our hero provided all the family with food, and with garments too, out of his magic horns.

40. He stayed with them day after day, and week after week, because he felt he could not tear himself away from the beautiful girl, with whom he was soon deeply in love.

41. In course of time the young fellow won the hand of this beautiful Kaffir maiden. They were married, and lived in a grand house which the bridegroom obtained by means of his magic horns.

42. We have reason to suppose, then, that they were happy ever afterwards. At any rate, we know nothing to the contrary.

A BIRD IN A BAG.

EARLY one morning a party of Kaffir girls started off to gather some of the red clay with which it is their custom to colour both themselves and their garments. Among them was the daughter of the chief of the village, a very pretty girl.

2. When they had dug up all the clay they wanted, and were about to return home, one of the girls said, "It is early yet. Let us go down to the pool to bathe."

"Yes! Yes!" cried the others, in great glee.

3. So, instead of going home, this merry party of girls ran down to a neighbouring pool. Splashing one another, frisking and dancing, swimming and diving, and having all manner of games in the water, they stayed there for some hours, and were as happy as could be.

4. At last they knew it was time for them to go home; so they put on their garments, and set off running to the village. They were well on their way, when, all at once, the chief's daughter found she was without her bead necklace.

5. "I must have left it on the bank where we undressed," she told the other girls; and then she turned to her cousin, saying, "Will you come with me to find it? I am afraid to go alone."

But her cousin was so unkind as to refuse.

6. Then she asked the rest of the girls, one after another, to go with her; but each, in turn, declined, saying that she must hurry home, for they were late as it was.

7. "Very well, then, I suppose I must go alone," said the chief's daughter; and she started to run back to the pool as fast as her legs would carry her.

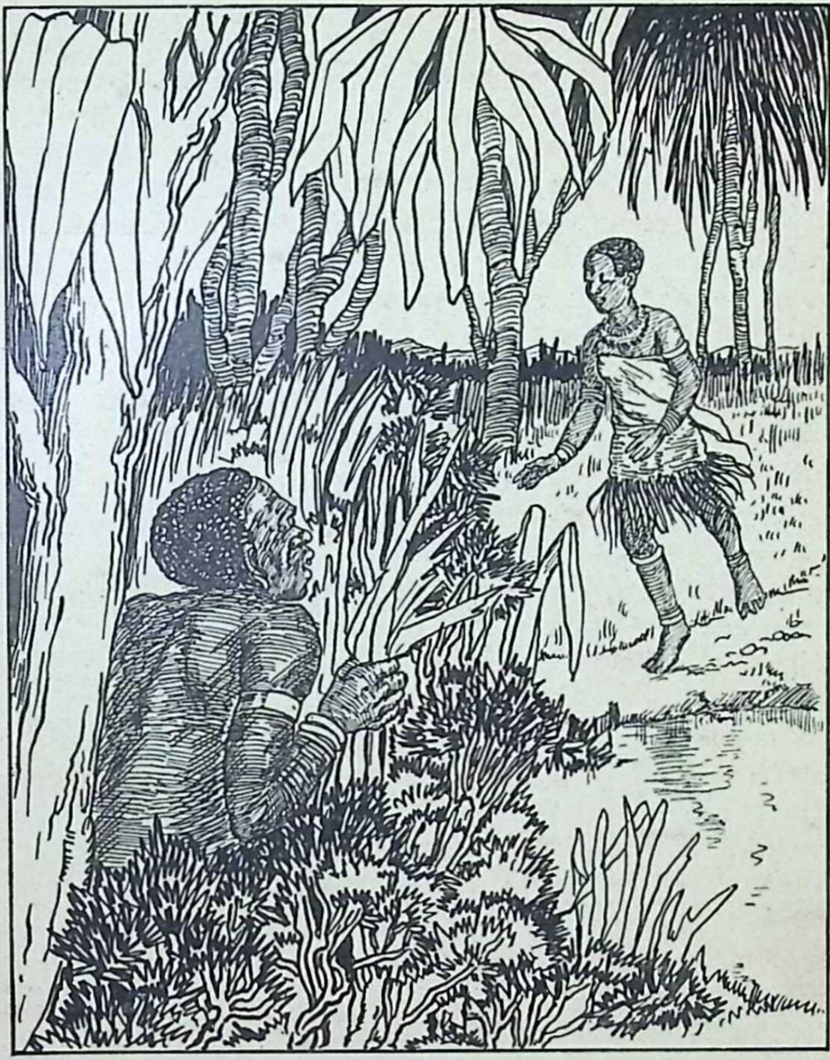
8. Now, a horrid giant was prowling among the bushes close to the pool. When he saw the chief's daughter running towards him, he chuckled softly to himself, and crouched down out of sight.

9. He was very big, and very ugly, so that when the girl came suddenly upon him, she was so much frightened that, though she tried to scream, she could not utter a sound. And before she really knew what was happening, he had popped her into a sack which he carried with him, thrown it over his shoulder, and set out for home.

10. Now, the chief's daughter was well-grown for her age, and rather heavy; so by and by the giant sat down to rest. While he was resting, he began to think, and a bright idea came into his mind. He opened the mouth of the sack, and looked in.

"Sing to me, my bird," he said. "Sing like the birds in the trees."

11. The poor girl began to cry. "How can I sing, when I am so sad?" she sobbed.



'He saw the chief's daughter running towards him.'—*Page* 26.

"If you will not sing, I shall carry you straight home, and make a meal of you," said the monster.

12. "No!" cried the chief's daughter. "Please do not kill me. I *will* sing." Then she sang as sweetly as a bird, though the song was sad, like that of a bird newly put into a cage.

13. "Now listen," said the giant, when the song had come to an end. "I am badly in need of meat; so I am going to tie you up in this bag, and carry you to all the villages round. I shall say I have found a new kind of bird that sings more sweetly than any other bird; and then, when I tell you, you must begin to sing."

14. "But why should I sing?" asked the poor prisoner.

"Because they will then give me meat. I will spare you as long as you sing so well that they give me much meat; but if you refuse to sing, that very day you shall be served up for my supper."

15. When he had said this, the giant tied up the mouth of the sack once more, and strode on, making for the nearest village.

16. Now, while the giant is trudging along with the chief's daughter slung upon his back, we will return to the other girls of the village, and see what they have been doing.

17. For a long while they waited for the chief's daughter to join them again; but when about an hour had passed, and still she did not come, they would not wait any longer, but set out for home.

18. When they reached the village, the chief asked where his daughter was. The girls dared not say they had refused to go back to the pool with her; so they told him that she was staying at a hut on the road, and might not be back for some days to come. The chief believed them and thought no more about it.

19. Now, this same day it happened that the chief made a feast for the boys of the village. An ox was killed; and the boys, taking as much meat as they liked, went in a party to a place some way out over the plain. When they had chosen a pleasant spot, they made a little camp, roasted the meat, and had a very merry feast.

20. They were thus engaged, when the giant drew near. He smiled as he sniffed the smell of roast meat, and quickened his pace. In a very little while he stood in the centre of the ring of boys, and had set down his sack where they could all see it.

21. "Boys," he said, "if you will give me some of your meat, I will make my bird sing to you; and I can tell you that it is better worth listening to than any other bird."

So, just for fun, the boys gave him some meat; and when he had eaten it, they said, "Now let us hear how your bird can sing."

22. The giant peeped into the mouth of the sack, and said, "Sing, my bird! Sing us a song!"

Then the chief's daughter, being very much afraid of the giant, sang a sweet song.

23. Now, among the boys was the girl's own brother; and as he listened, he thought, "That sounds just like my sister's voice. A strange bird that can sing like that!"

24. He would have liked the giant to open the sack and let him see the bird; but he was afraid to ask, for he and his companions were only boys, and the giant was very big and strong.

25. Instead, therefore, he said, "Take your bird to the next village. My father is the chief there; and if he hears it sing as it sang to us just now, I am sure he will give you as much meat as you like."

26. On hearing this, the giant, who was always ready for more meat, picked up the sack, and set off at such a rate that in a very little while he was in the village, asking for the chief. Of course, he little knew that this was the father of the girl he had stolen.

27. When the chief came, the giant said to him, "I have here a wonderful bird that sings most sweetly. If you will give me much meat, I will make it sing for you."

28. So he was promised plenty of meat; and, as before, he peeped into the sack, and said, "Sing, my bird! Sing us a pretty song!"

29. The poor girl sang a favourite song, one which her father had heard her sing many a

time before. As he listened, he thought, "If I had not been told that my daughter was staying in the hut on the road from the pool, I could have sworn this was her voice."

30. So he said to the giant, "Your bird sings sweetly indeed. Will you not untie the mouth of the sack, and let us see it?"

"No! No!" said the giant, "I cannot do that;" and he looked so fierce that the chief did not press him further. He thought of another way.

31. "Would you like a great deal of meat to carry home with you?" he asked.

"Yes, more meat! I always like more meat," replied the giant.

32. "Very well," said the chief, "then listen to me. We are short of water in this village. If you will take this pot to the river, and bring it back full of water, I will give you as much meat as you can carry."

33. "Yes, yes, I will go," cried the giant, in eager tones. "Only promise not to interfere with my sack, while I am away."

Everybody promised; and then, taking the water-pot which the chief held out to him, he went down to the river. He soon had the pot filled with water, and began to make his way back to the village.

34. But he had not gone far, when he found the water was running out of a hole in the

bottom of the water-pot. Back he ran to the river to refill it. Little did he guess that the chief had given him a leaky pot on purpose, so as to gain time.

35. Meanwhile, as soon as the giant was out of sight, the chief had opened the sack, saying, "Now we will see what kind of bird this giant carries with him." Then, to his great surprise, he found that the supposed bird was really his own daughter.

36. At first he could hardly believe his eyes. But when he had got over his astonishment, he took her up in his arms and carried her off to her mother, having first given his men orders to fill up the empty sack with toads and snakes. When it was full of these creatures, the men tied up the mouth of the sack, and put it back just where the giant had left it.

37. Now, while they were doing all this, the giant was trying, in vain, to bring a full pot of water to the village. First, he tried to fill up the hole with mud, but the water soon soaked through this. Next, he covered the bottom of the water-pot with stones. This made it hold water fairly well; and so, at length, he returned to the village with the pot half-full.

38. "Here is your water," he said to the chief. "Now give me the meat." And they gave him as much meat as he could carry; for all they wanted now was to get rid of him.

39. The giant picked up his sack, threw it over his shoulder, together with the meat, and set out for home. On arriving, he sent to all his friends, bidding them to a feast at his hut, and told his wife to light a fire, for he had brought something nice to cook.

40. In a very little while, the giant's friends began to arrive. They were all eager not to be late, lest they should lose a morsel.

41. Their host was just as greedy, and as eager to begin. As soon as they were all there, he set the sack down in the middle of the hut, and said, "Now I am going to give you something good." Then he untied the mouth of the sack.

42. But, instead of what he had thought to find, out of it came tumbling a heap of snakes and toads, which began to crawl about the floor.

43. Oh! how furious the giant's guests were, for they quite thought their friend had been playing a joke upon them. Indeed, they were so angry at being made fools of, that they set upon him; and the end was that he *did* provide the feast, though not in the way that he had expected.

A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

ONCE upon a time in Kaffir-land lived a certain man who had two wives; for it was the custom of the country for a man to have as many wives as he thought fit.

2. Now, one of these wives had no children. But the other one had a daughter, who was a very dark-skinned girl, and several more children; though, strange to say, these other children were crows.

3. The poor woman was sad, because she had no child, and her husband did not love her; and the other wife used to laugh at her in consequence.

4. One day she was at work in her garden, when two doves came and perched upon a tree close by; and one dove said to the other, "Go and ask that woman why she is crying."

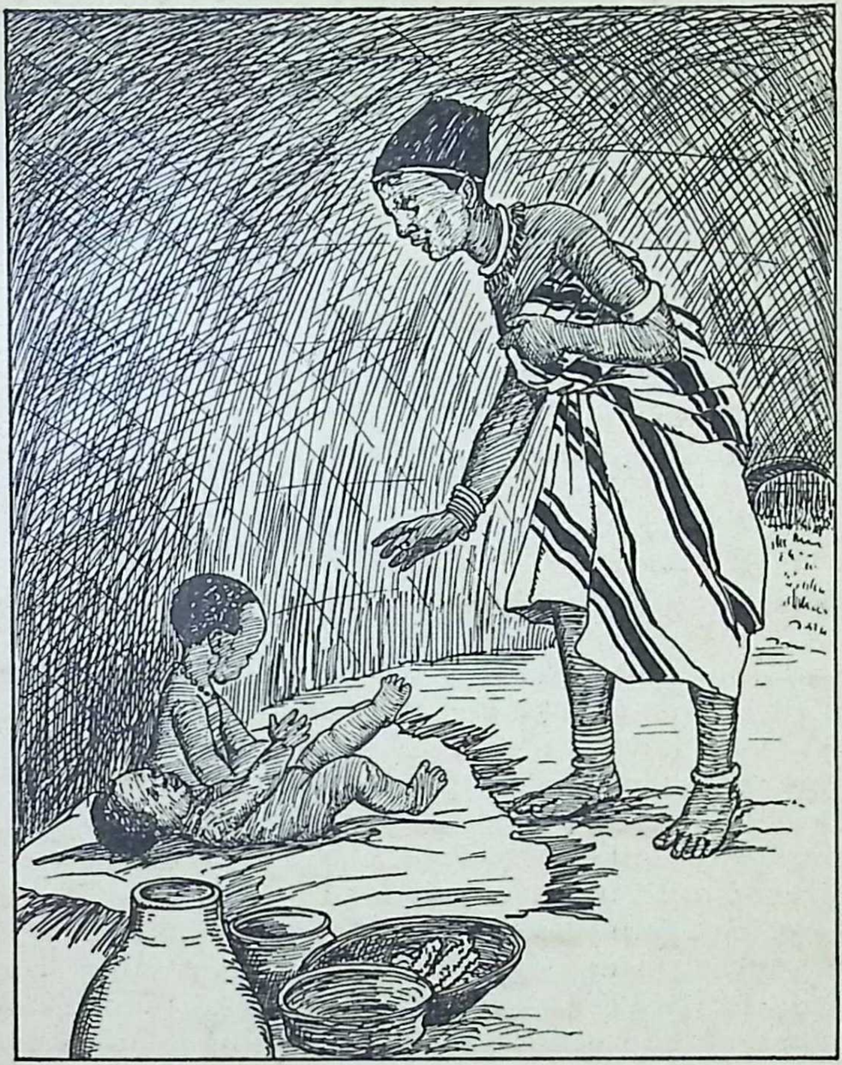
5. So the other dove asked her, and she answered, "Because I have no children."

6. Then the dove said, "Cheer up, my good woman, for in a short time you shall have two little children of your own, and you will find them in a corner of your hut."

7. The woman was very glad to hear this, and she gave the doves some corn, as they had brought the good news.

8. Every day after that, the doves came to the garden, and asked the woman if the children had come yet. She answered, "No, not yet; but I am hoping;" and then she fed the doves as before.

9. But, one day, the good news proved true; for, in a corner of her hut, the woman found two little babies, a boy and a girl, both of them ever so pretty, and ever so much lighter in colour than the other wife's daughter.



'The woman found two little babies.'—*Page* 34.

10. Now, the woman kept these children hidden, lest any harm should happen to them. Only herself and a servant girl who helped her, knew anything at all about them.

11. Even when they grew bigger, and could run about, she kept them inside her hut, and when she went to work in the morning, her last words would be, "Now, children, mind you let nobody see you!"

12. So things went on for a good while, until the children were grown quite big. Then, one morning, while the mother was out working in the fields, the boy said to the girl: "Can't we help mother by fetching some water from the river? And, sure, it is time we went for a little walk."

13. To this the girl said, "Yes, we will;" and they set out for the river. But, before they got there, they met a number of young men, with a chief's son at their head; and the boy and the girl stayed to talk with them.

14. The chief's son, who was called Broad Breast, because he was so wide across the chest, was in search of a wife; and he was very much taken with the looks of the fair girl whom he had thus chanced to meet.

15. The men were thirsty with travelling, and asked for some water. So the boy ran down to the river, and filled his jar, and gave them all to drink.

16. All, except the chief's son. *He* would not take the jar from the boy, but said, "None shall give it me, except that pretty maiden!" And so it had to be.

17. In fact, the chief's son was so much in love with her, that he watched her all the way home. And, when he had found where she lived, he went back to his own house, and said to his father:

18. "I pray you, father, to give me cattle, that I may buy a wife; for I have seen the prettiest maiden that ever was."

19. The chief, who was very rich in cattle, gave his son as many as he wanted; and then Broad Breast went back to the place where the girl lived.

20. He made himself known to the man who was husband to the girl's mother; and, showing the fine cattle he had brought, Broad Breast said, "I wish to marry your daughter, and lo! there is the price I will pay."

21. Now, the man knew nothing of the boy and girl who dwelt in his wife's hut; for he never went to see his wife, not being fond of her.

22. The only daughter he knew of, was the dark-skinned girl; and so he brought her to Broad Breast, for he was willing to take the young man's offer.

23. "*This* is not the girl I mean," exclaimed Broad Breast. "Your daughter that I want for

a wife, is a maiden fair to see, and this one is darker than most."

24. "I have no other daughters," said the man. "My other children are blacker still; for they are crows. And," he added with a laugh, "I don't suppose you want to marry *them*."

25. But Broad Breast would have it that there was another daughter, a very pretty girl, of light complexion, he said. "Why! I have talked to her down by the river," he told the father, "and she has given me to drink."

26. The man was greatly puzzled, and had both his wives sent for. "Have I any other daughter but this one?" he asked them, pointing to the dark-skinned girl; and both women assured him that he had not.

27. But, during the course of that day, the servant girl who waited on the pretty maiden's mother, asked to see the man; and when they were alone together, she told him just how matters stood.

28. The man was amazed, and went to his wife's hut, which he had not visited for years past. He was so pleased with the looks of the handsome boy and the pretty maiden, that he forgave his wife for keeping them hidden from him; and they had a long talk together.

29. The end of it was that they agreed to let Broad Breast have his wish. Next morning, they brought the fair girl to the young chieftain;

and no sooner did he set eyes on her, than he said, "*That's* the girl! The one I met, and the one I have come for!"

30. A little bargaining followed; and Broad Breast had to go back to his father for some more cattle, as those which he had brought in the first place were not considered to be enough.

31. You can just fancy how jealous this made the other woman, who thought such a great deal of her dark-skinned daughter.

32. "If I could only get my girl married instead!" said the envious woman to herself. So she put on her girl the finest mantle and the gayest ornaments she could; but even then the dark maiden was not nearly so good-looking as the fair one.

33. However, by talking to Broad Breast, she got the young chieftain to say that he would have both the girls for his wives. So they both departed with him, to go to that part of the country where lived the great chieftain who was his father.

34. For a parting present, the girls each received an ox, the fair girl getting a fine young ox, and the dark girl one that was older and not in such good condition.

35. And when they reached their husband's home, something else happened to make the dark girl jealous; for Broad Breast gave his fair wife a pleasant new hut, but her half-sister was put into a tumble-down old hovel.

36. The truth was that Broad Breast did not really care for the dark girl one bit, and ought not to have let himself be talked into marrying her.

37. Envy, and jealousy, and anger all worked together in the dark girl's mind; and she formed a plan to get rid of her half-sister.

38. She came, one morning, to the fair one's hut, with a story that their father was taken ill, and that they must go and see him. So they went to Broad Breast to tell him; and he readily gave them leave to go.

39. They mounted their oxen, and set out. On their way they came to a place where a high steep cliff arose from out of a deep pool. There the dark girl alighted, and lay full length at the edge of the cliff, gazing down as if she saw something wonderful in the pool.

40. "Dear sister," said the crafty creature, "come and see this strange sight."

Thinking no evil, the fair girl came and leaned right on the edge. Then the jealous one sprang up, and hurled her over, so that she sank into the water like a stone, and the poor thing was drowned.

41. Having thus done her wicked will, the dark girl rode home; and when Broad Breast wanted to know where his loved one was, she answered, "She is staying with her father for a while."

42. But vengeance was already on her track. Next day, the fine young ox on which the fair girl rode to her death, came into the kraal, and made a lowing noise for some time, as if it were in trouble.

43. Then it charged on the dark girl's hut, and brought it to the ground, which was not hard to do, as it was already such a tumble-down place.

44. "What can be the matter with the ox?" said the people of the kraal.

It must have known what they were saying, for it led the way to the cliff over which its mistress had been thrown.

45. On getting there, the ox leapt into the pool, found the girl's body, and brought it to land. Then the faithful animal licked and licked the body, until life came back into it; after which it licked and licked again, until the fair wife of Broad Breast was as well and strong as she had ever been, and was able to tell the people just what had happened.

46. They took her home to their young chieftain; and when he knew all, he called his dark wife before him. "Get you gone," he cried, "nor darken my house more. I brought you here, only to please your mother. Now, to please me, your mother shall take you back."

47. Then the dark one departed; so Broad Breast was left alone with his fair wife, and each was a joy to the other for evermore.

FAIR WORDS ARE BEST.

A certain man among the Kaffirs had two daughters, and each of them was of age to be married.

2. Now, this man went on a journey, hoping to find a husband for one or other of his daughters; and he came to a village where lived a mighty chief of the Kaffirs.

3. Seeing that he was a stranger, the people gathered about him, and asked, "What news do you bring?" Then the man laughed, and answered, "None at all, but I want you to tell me the news of *this* place."

4. "Oh! the news of this place," said one of the bystanders, "is that our chief is on the lookout for a wife, but cannot find one to suit him."

5. "That's strange," remarked the man, "as there are so many to choose from;" and he thought, "Here is a good chance to get one of my girls married."

6. So he went straight away home and called his daughters to have a word with him. "Now, girls," he said, "which of you would like to be a chief's wife? Speak one at a time."

7. The elder girl thought she had a right to speak first, and no sooner were the words out of her father's mouth, than she said, "I would."

8. "Well and good," he replied; then he named the village he had been to, and said, "That is where the chief wants a wife. Get ready to start; and a number of our people shall go with you."

9. "No, father, I will go alone," said the girl.

"How can you think of such a thing?" asked the father. "You know as well as I do, what the custom is. Who ever heard of a Kaffir girl going alone, and offering herself for a wife?"

10. But the daughter *would* have it her own way. "Either I go alone," she said, "or I do not go at all."

11. So the father, afraid that he might lose the chance of getting the girl off his hands, said after a while, "Wilful, obstinate child! Go alone, then; and if harm befalls you, you have only yourself to blame."

12. On her way to the chief's village, the girl met a mouse. It was not at all a common mouse, but one able to talk; and it civilly said to her, "I know where you want to go. Shall I show you the way?"

"Away with you!" was the girl's answer.

13. "If you talk like this to people, when they want to help you," remarked the mouse, "you will have bad luck."

14. A little later, the girl met a frog, which also was no common frog, but asked her the very same question as the mouse.

15. The proud young creature answered, "I am going to be the wife of a chief. Don't be so forward in speaking to people of the upper classes."

16. "Oh, indeed!" said the frog. "Going to be the wife of a chief, are you? Well, those who live longest, see most."

17. At length, the girl sat down in the shade of a tree, being tired with walking so far. Close by, there was a boy in charge of a herd of goats; and, coming up to the girl, he asked, "Where are you going, sister of mine?"

18. "Don't call me a sister of yours," she snapped out. "For I am going to marry a chieftain; and it is not in your place to speak to me, let alone calling me your sister. Away with you!"

19. "Can't you spare me a little food?" asked the boy. "I am feeling very hungry, and I have nothing to eat."

20. "Away with you!" was all she would give for an answer. And so the boy went off, saying softly, "Pride may have a fall."

21. The girl now arose, and went on her way. After a little while, she drew near to the village where the chief lived. It was close to a river, and at that moment a girl was on the bank, filling her water jars. Looking up, this young maiden said,

in the most friendly way, "Sister, where are you going?"

22. "Sister, indeed!" replied the haughty one. "I'd have you to know that I am going to marry the chief of yonder village. Have respect for your betters."

23. As it happened, this girl was herself the chief's sister, and would have said something more; but the bride that was to be, would not stay to hear it, being anxious to meet the chief.

24. When she entered the village, the first question asked her was, "Where do you come from?" The next was, "What have you come for?"

25. All the people laughed loud, on hearing her say that she had come to be their chief's wife. "Fancy a bride by herself," they said, "and not a soul to follow her! Who ever saw or heard the like?"

26. They told her that the chief was away just then, but would be home in the evening, and she must get his supper ready; so they gave her some millet to grind into meal.

27. But either she was a poor hand at grinding, or she felt herself above such work. At any rate, the meal that she ground was coarse, and the bread turned out badly.

28. As the day drew to a close, there was heard a sound like the rushing of a mighty wind; and presently came upon the scene a big snake with

five heads! This monster, it appeared, was the chieftain of the village; and, as you can well believe, the girl who had come to be his bride, was dreadfully surprised and frightened.

29. The snake settled himself by the door, and called out with a man's voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." So the girl, who was all of a tremble, brought the bread which she had baked that afternoon.

30. "Poor stuff!" exclaimed the snake, when he had tasted it. "A girl who makes bread like that, is not fit to be my wife; no, nor anybody else's." Then he made a loud swish with his tail, struck her on the head, and felled her to the ground.

31. Such was the end of the haughty maiden, who could not give people a good word, even when they were civil enough to her.

32. Some time after, her sister, who, as you will remember, had stayed at home, made bold to say, "Father, I would dearly love to be a chief's wife."

33. Her father was quite willing to let her go; and off she set, along with a large number of friends and neighbours.

34. While they were on their journey, the same mouse as before came up and said, "Maiden, shall I show you the way?" "Please," answered the maiden, "if you know where I want to go." Then the mouse lifted one of its tiny fore-paws, and pointed out the way; for which she thanked the obliging little creature.

35. Some time after, when they were near their journey's end, came a rabbit, and said, "Maiden, let me give you three bits of good counsel; speak nicely to the girl who will speak to you, down by the river; grind the millet well, this afternoon; and don't be alarmed, when you see your husband in the evening."

36. The maiden thanked the rabbit, and said that she would do just as it told her. In a few minutes, she came to the river, and there she saw the chief's sister, who asked her, "Where are you going?"

37. "To yonder village," she answered; and the next question was, "What have you come for?" "To be the chief's bride," said the girl, "and these are my people come with me."

38. "Quite right and proper!" remarked the chief's sister. "But won't you be frightened, when you see your husband?"

"I don't know why I should be," said the girl, quite frankly and boldly, but still as civil as ever.

39. So now the chief's sister showed her the hut where she was to await the coming of her bridegroom; she was also given some millet, and told to have the supper ready by the time he would come home in the evening.

40. About the hour of sunset there was heard, as before, a sound like the rushing of a mighty wind; and the hut shook as if it would tumble down. Yet the girl kept a brave heart.

41. When the snake chieftain, who was known as Five Heads, came in at the door, he called for food, being hungry as usual. The girl put the millet bread before him; and no sooner had he swallowed a piece, than he cried out in a loud voice, "Good!"

42. Having finished his supper, he said, in a tone as if he meant it, "You are the girl for me;" and, from various corners of the hut, he brought out a number of fine ornaments, which he gave her for wedding presents.

43. Then, wonderful to relate, Five Heads changed into a man, and a good-looking man too! The fact was, there had been a spell upon him, until such time as that maiden should arrive, who was meant to be his wife.

44. The right maiden having appeared, this spell was broken; and thus the power of love was proved, as many a time it had been before, and has been since, and will be in the years to come.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This booklet of pleasant tales has been compiled from materials to be found in one of the most authoritative works on South African storyology, viz., *Kaffir Folk-Lore*, by Mr. George McCall Theal, who (as he says in the Preface to his work, dated January 1882), possessed "an intimate knowledge of the Kaffir people, gained through intercourse with them during a period of twenty years, and while filling positions among them varying from a mission teacher to a border magistrate."—W.H.W.

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QUESTIONS.

TWINS IN LUCK.

1.—How was it that the two children Demane and Demazana lived alone in a cave?

2.—Who was Zim, and how did he make his voice like that of Demane?

3.—How did Demane rescue his sister from the giant?

THE SIMPLE LION AND THE WILY JACKAL.

1.—How did the lion and the jackal decide to divide the spoil?

2.—Tell me how the jackal got his tail free from the lion.

3.—What plan did the jackal think of to get away from the lion the last time?

HORNS OF PLENTY.

1.—Tell me what happened when the boy struck the right horn of the ox, and also when he afterwards struck the left horn.

2.—What other things did the horns provide for the Kaffir boy?

A BIRD IN A BAG.

1.—Tell me all you can about the picture opposite page 26.

2.—What plan did the giant adopt in order to obtain meat?

3.—Say how the chief managed to find out that it was his daughter who was in the sack.

A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

1.—What good news did the doves bring to the Kaffir woman?

2.—Who was Broad Breast?

3.—Why did Broad Breast turn the dark girl away from his home?

FAIR WORDS ARE BEST.

1.—What people did the first girl meet on her journey, and how did she answer them?

2.—Tell me about the Chieftain of the village.

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